VISIT…

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Welcome Home, Son

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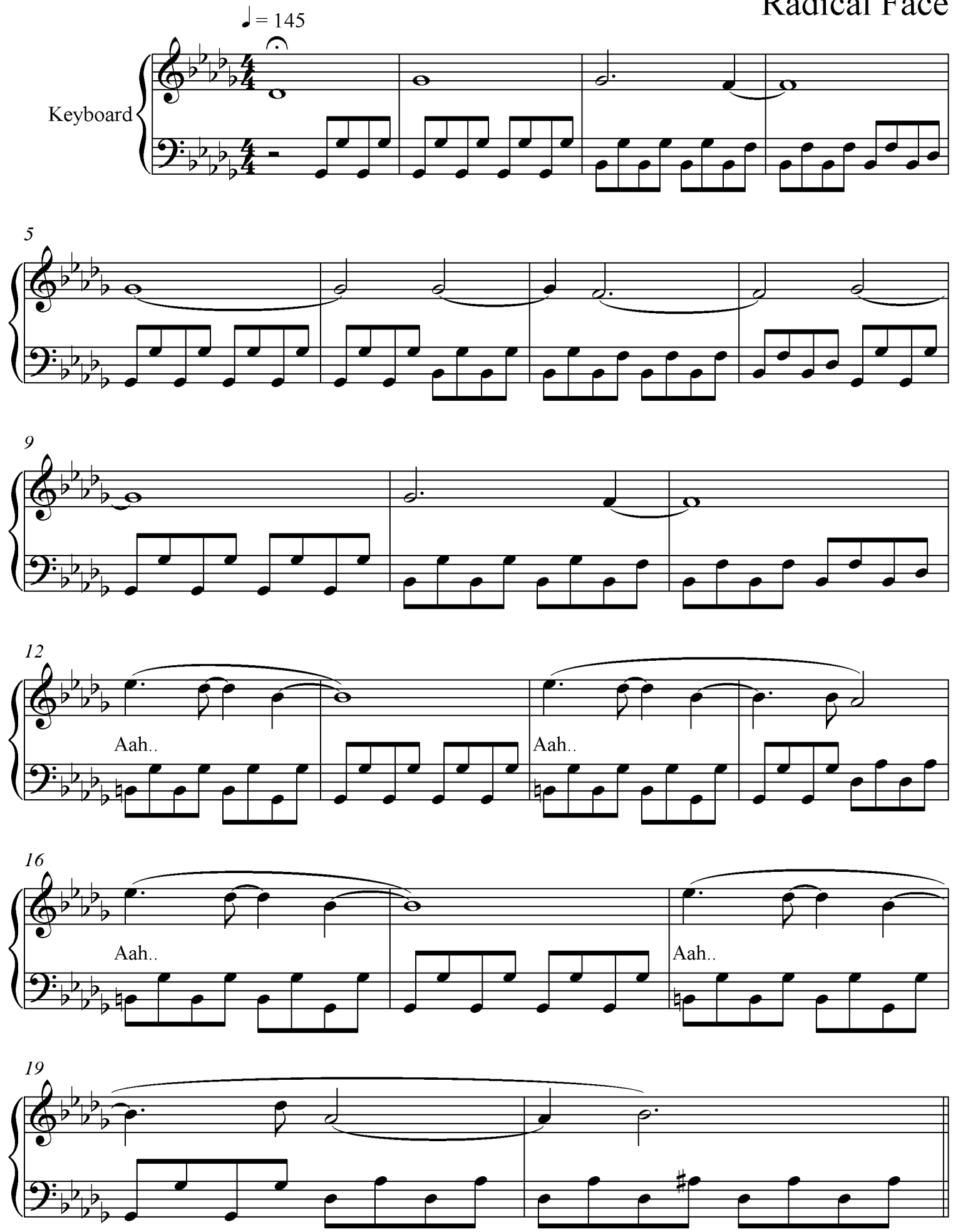
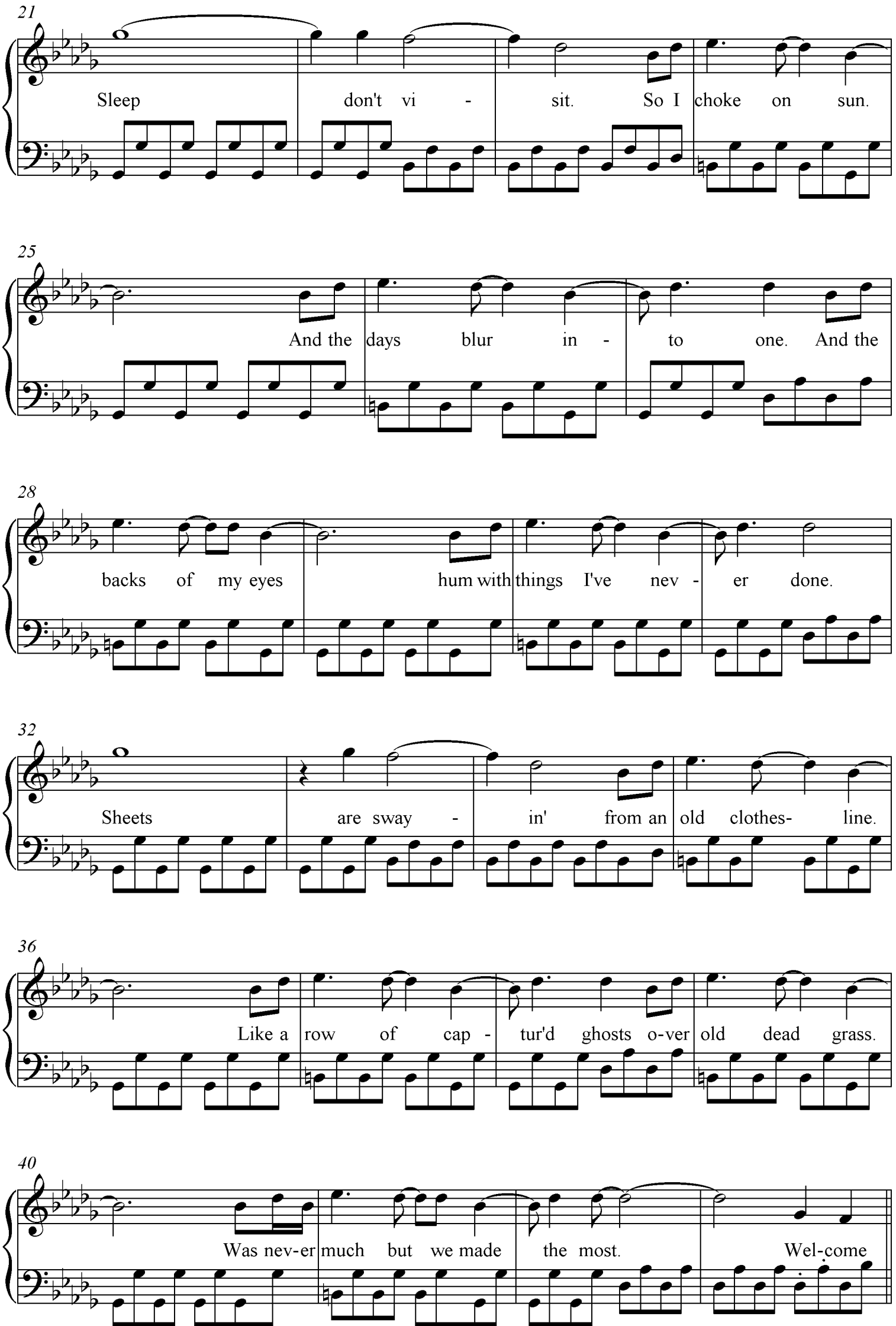
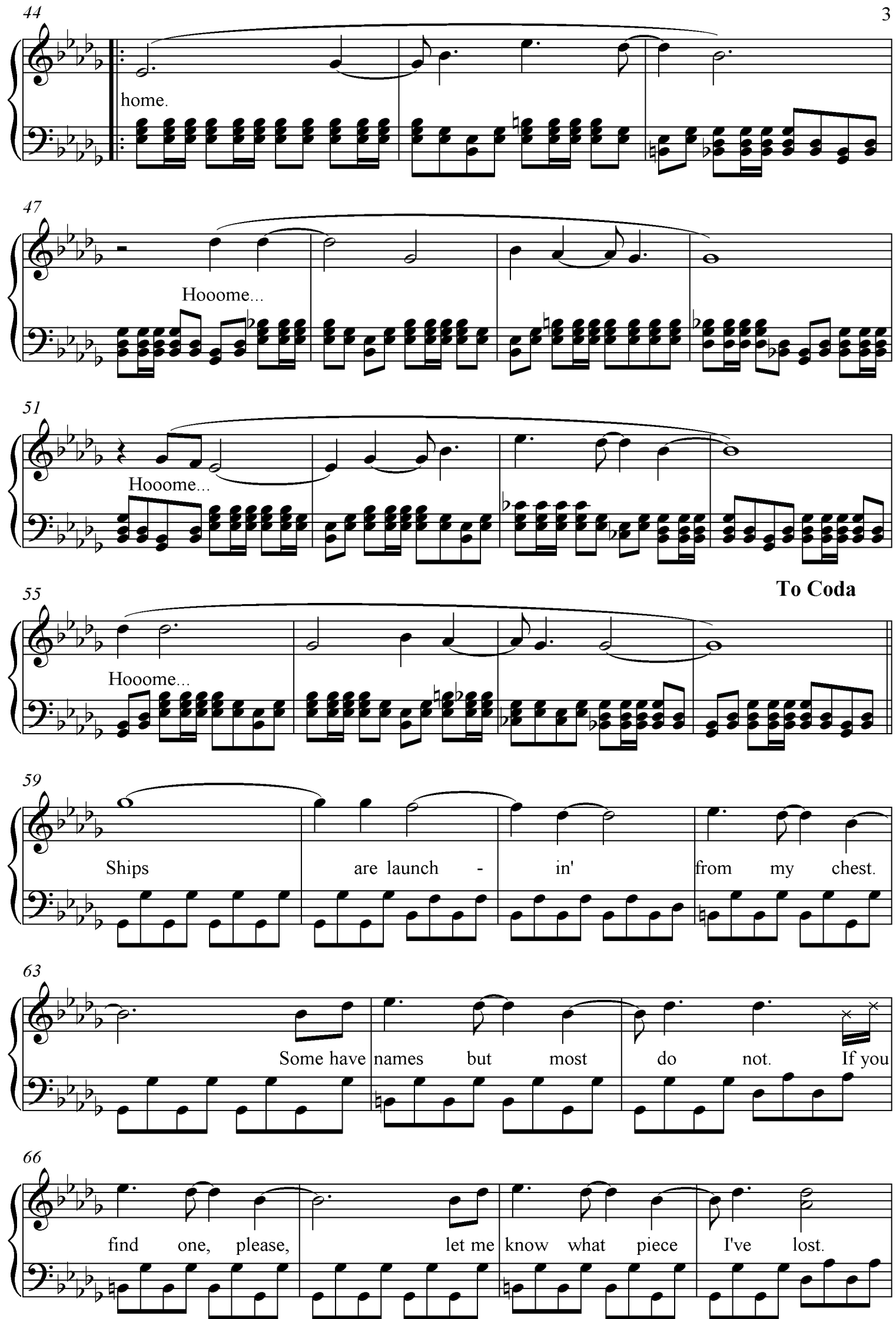
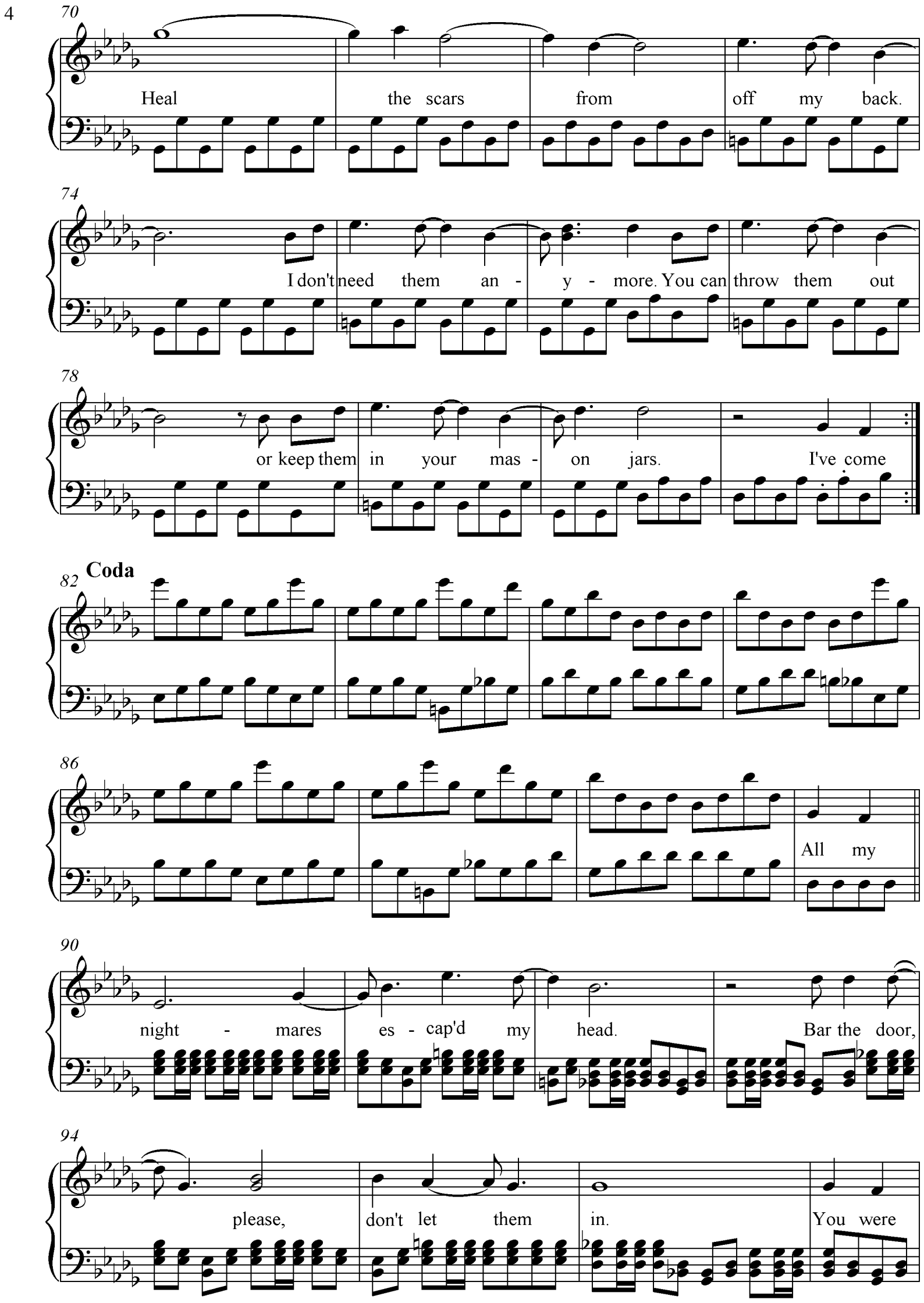
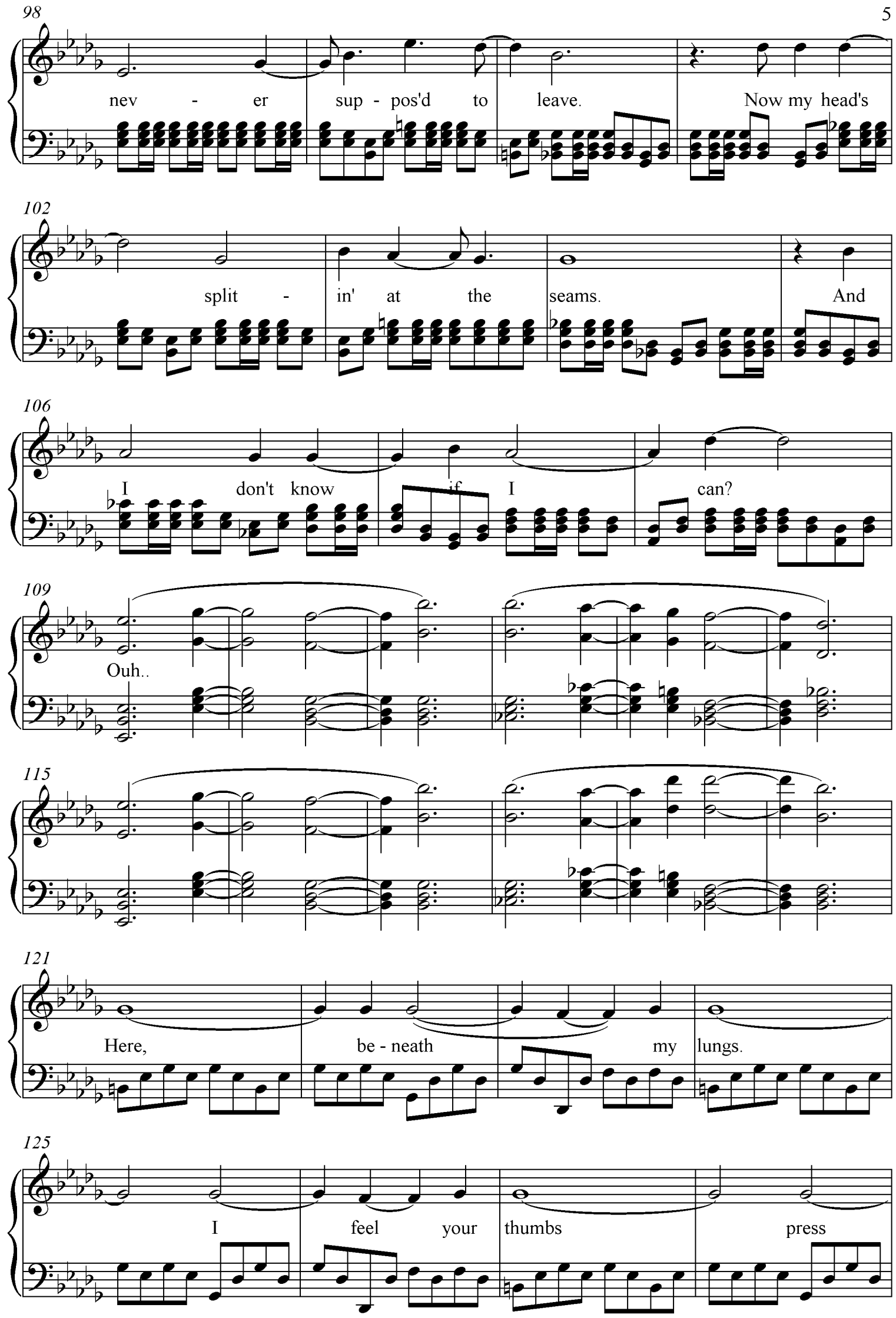
Radical Face

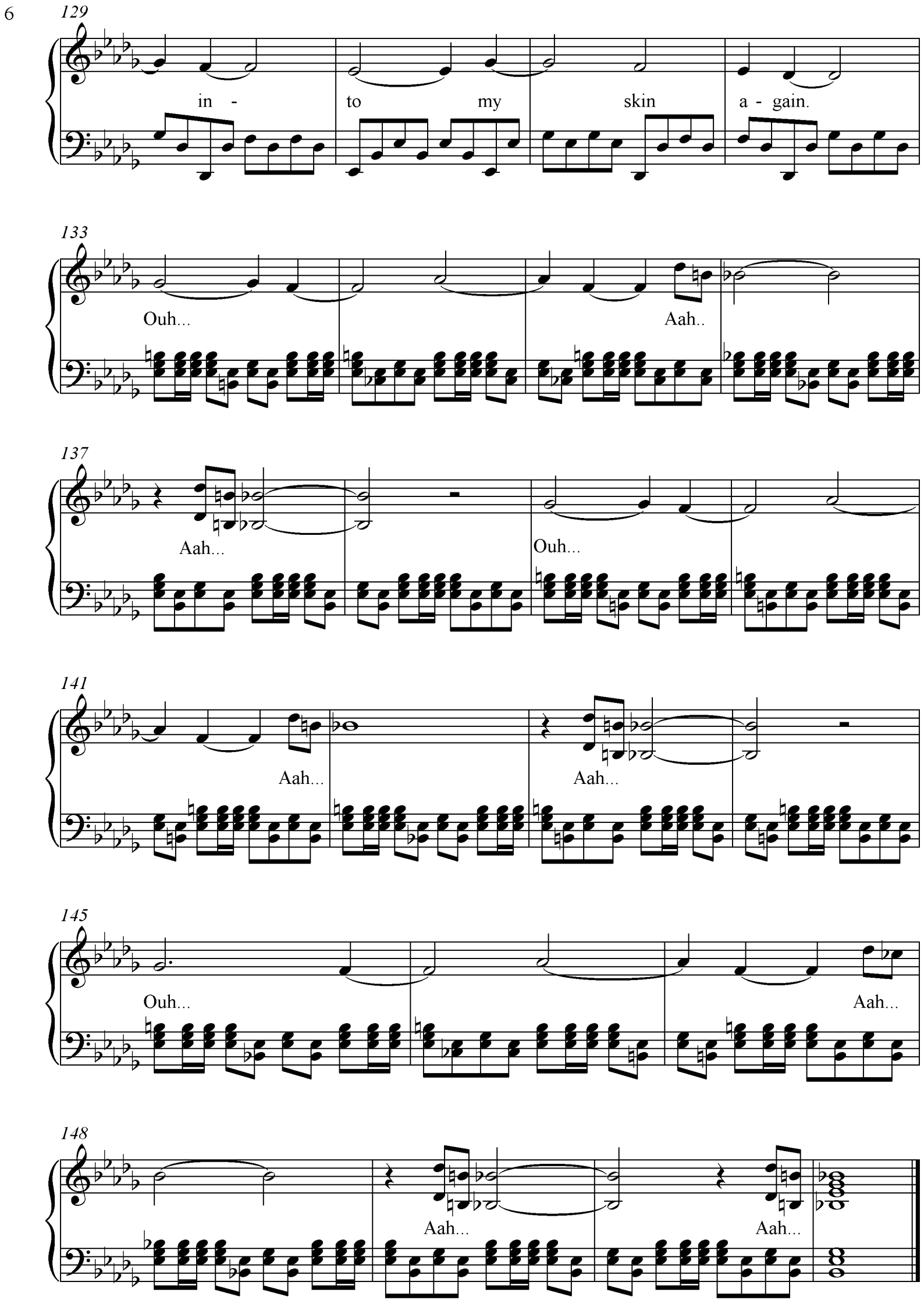



21
Sleep don't vi - sit. So I choke on sun.
25
And the days blur in - to one. And the
28
backs of my eyes hum with things I've nev - er done.
32
Sheets are sway - in' from an old clothes- line.
36
Like a row of cap - tur'd ghosts o-ver old dead grass.
40
Was nev-er much but we made the most. Wel-come


44
home.
47
Hooome...
51
Hooome...
55
To Coda
Hooome...
59
Ships are launch - in' from my chest.
63
Some have names but most do not. If you
66
find one, please, let me know what piece I've lost.


70
Heal the scars from off my back.
74
I don't need them an - y - more. You can throw them out
78
or keep them in your mas - on jars. I've come
Coda
82
86
All my
90
night - mares es - cap'd my head. Bar the door,
94
please, don't let them in. You were


98
nev - er sup - pos'd to leave. Now my head's
102
split - in' at the seams. And
106
I don't know if I can?
109
Ouh..
115
121
Here, be - neath my lungs.
125
I feel your thumbs press


129
in - to my skin a - gain.
133
Ouh... Aah..
137
Aah... Ouh...
141
Aah... Aah...
145
Ouh... Aah...
148
Aah... Aah...